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Inspirations 
 *Rhymed*

EVELYN TRUE





Evelyn True

INSPIRATIONS RHYMED

EVELYN TRUE

"Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by."

DAVID EVERETT.

ST. LOUIS, MO.
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P R E F A C E.



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THE writer of this little book has always had a desire to live a life that might be a help to those she loved. She believes this to be a way God has given her to speak to ones whom she may never meet face to face in this world.

Were it not for lack of time and space, it might be of interest to the reader to know the origin of each Poem, as they were all taken from real life.

May these rhymes reach my heart's desire,
And lift our aims and motives higher,
'Till face to face we meet in Heaven.
May a crown of life to each be given.

. . . EVELYN TRUE.

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POEMS.



THANKSGIVING.

We thank Thee our Father for daylight,
We thank Thee for friends and for home;
We thank Thee for past blessings and favors,
And for promises of them that shall come.

We thank Thee for our glorious free country,
We thank Thee, for lives that are true;
We thank Thee we may join in the conflict,
And help to all evil subdue.

We thank Thee for Jesus our Savior,
We thank Him, He was willing to die;
We thank Thee, that Thou hast so loved us,
And will take us with Thee by and by.

WHEN JESUS CAME.

God created the heavens and the earth,
With mountains, plains and sea,
And in his image created man,
That he his child might be.
He asked that he would just obey,
And love and praise his name.
But man soon went away from God,
And was lost, when Jesus came.

God gave to man the right to choose,
Nor to bind him would he try,
But told him if he disobeyed
That he would surely die.
Soon came the tempter in disguise,
That his confidence he might gain,
And man then turned and followed him
And was lost, when Jesus came.

The years were long and the way was hard,
As he wandered on in sin,
But God was true; though his great heart grieved,
He could not take him in.

As the years went on, our Father planned
How to win him back again;
And now he leads him gently home.
But he was lost, when Jesus came.

To disobey, God said, meant death.
Then where was sinful man?
He was lost from God, but now is found,
So perfect was this plan.
He has another right to choose,
Only perfection God will claim.
The Perfect One for man has died;
He may come in, since Jesus came.

JESUS KEEP ME.

Jesus keep me in thy shadow,
Till this earthly journey's o'er,
Watch me, keep me close beside thee,
Till we reach the other shore,
For the storm is on the ocean,
And the tempest rages wild,
Keep me Jesus, in thy shadow,
I'm a weak and helpless child.

Jesus keep me in thy shadow,
Not one danger there can come,
For to thee all power is given,
And thy kingdom has begun.

I am so glad, that though so powerful,
Thou art gentle, good and mild,
Keep me Jesus, in thy shadow,
I'm a weak, and helpless child.

Jesus keep me in thy shadow
Teach me what thou'l have me do,
Help me tell the same sweet story,
And each day my strength renew,
There are lost ones all about us,
Wilt thou save them, through our hands;
For we remember thy commission,
If you love me, feed my lambs.



LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

We each may be a little light,
Like on our city's streets,
And at our post, if we will shine.
Like theirs, our rays will meet,

And will drive the darkness all away,
So people all may see,
The Son of God, whom once he sent,
To die for you and me.

There is naught within ourselves to shine,
So let's put self away,
And ask the one who is divine,
To shine through us to-day.

GOATS AND SHEEP.

In Palestine, that dear old country
Made sacred by the Savior's name,
Though most two thousand years
Have vanished,
The customs still are much the same.

In spring you see the tender shepherd

Dividing still the goats from sheep,
And lead them to the fold

At evening,

Where he a closer watch may keep.
It reminds us of our tender shepherd;
But we are so different from the sheep.

For we so often do not

Trust him,

And turn aside and sigh and weep.

And sometimes try to follow others,

Forgetting he said, I am the way.
And they are weak, and

Sometimes blunder;

And we are sadly led astray.
And in other ways, we are so different

From the sheep, of which we are so much told.
Sometimes we say many are

Unworthy;

I would rather be outside the fold.
But not one time, was it ever mentioned

Where a sheep kept standing in the cold
And would not go in, but seemed

Complaining,

That there were goats within the fold.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

Let all who love the Christmas tide,
Take time to think and pray;
And thank the one
Who sent his son,
To bring us Christmas day.

The world was dark, not a ray of hope
To be seen, by the Gentile race;
They must struggle on
Till life was done.
And alone death's dark night face.

With no hope of the future or life beyond,
When their earthly toils were o'er;
They must have said
When they buried their dead,
We will never see them more.

But Lo, in the east a star appears,
Which tells of a Savior come;
He is King Immanuel, Prince of Peace;
He has come the captive to release,
And will lead us safely home.

And to every nation, both great and small,
This message ye shall proclaim;
 There is room for all
 Who hear this call,
And will come in through my name.

I am not come to rule on earth,
 But to tell of the Father's love;
 My life I will give
 That you might live,
And inherit a home above.

Then let us remember at Xmas time,
 The greatest gift of all;
 That brought us light
 And by his might,
Has saved us from the fall.

The queen of Sheba came from afar,
 That she might Solomon's greatness prove,
And laid rich treasures at his feet;
 A token of respect and love.
A greater than Solomon now is here,
 He is God's own son from heaven;
May we his greatness then behold,
 And our lives to him be given.

MOTHER.

I could not turn you aside, mother,
For when a helpless child,
You loved, and cared for me, mother,
So gentle, sweet and mild.

I may have other friends, mother,
But none so true as thee,
This I may not have known, mother,
But have tried them, and I see.

When sickness or trouble comes, mother,
You are always by my side,
Ready to help and cheer, mother,
And each failing, try to hide.

Now when this life is done, mother,
And we are called to go,
I hope they will lay me by you, mother,
Tho' this we may not know.

But in that better land, mother,
That home beyond the sky,
Where partings do not come, mother,
We will never say good-by.

TELL THEM NOW

Dear parents, the words we may speak to you now,
Will be worth all the roses we may lay o'er your brow,
When the soul from our presence has taken its flight;
I am glad you are where you can hear me tonight.

I am sorry it is true that you're growing old,
You have watched us so tender like lambs in a fold;
If danger o'ertook us, your arms round us thrown,
There is no love so tender as love for your own.

If the world does not love us we have friends after all,
Tho' perhaps some misfortune has caused us to fall,
There's a place we are welcome and friends we will find,
For all who have parents as tender as mine.

Oh! may I in some way be able to give
Some sweet satisfaction to them while they live,
And hope I may meet them at heaven's white throne,
Where a kind loving parent keeps watch o'er his own.



WHEN ANGRY.

When we are angry with our brother,
If we would take time to pray
To God to lend his blessed favor,
And make us careful what we say,
Then ask Him to forgive our brother,
And make him patient, kind and good
We would have the peace of knowing
We had done the best we could.

And if we could spend the time we're losing
In idle thoughts and exclamation,
Turning on the search light of God's word,
And making self examination.
If we'd take a good look at our selves,
While standing in this light from heaven,
We might see then where we were wrong,
And would ask that we might be forgiven.

So may we not look up and think
We are children of one heavenly Father,
And think how He must be displeased,
When we fail to love each other.
Let's try to hide each other's failings
Until this earthly life is done.
And help bring about what Jesus asked for,
When he prayed that *we* might all be one.

THE WORLD'S UNREST.

As I hurried along one morning
On our city's busy street,
I could not help glancing at the faces
Of the passers by I'd meet.

Some frowning and some smiling,
But each expression seemed to say,
"I know my mission's most important,
I'm in a hurry, clear the way."

Then in my curious mind I wondered,
If each one's aims should be supplied,
How many would stop to say, I'm thankful,
Or how long they'd be satisfied.

Now they must first arrange this sought for treasure
And before their comfort has begun,
They have most forgotten their late attainment,
And thinking about some other one.

And then I thought, what restless creatures,
Our happiness here is so incomplete,
And in reaching for some gem before us,
Forget the treasures at our feet.

For in this world we are on a journey,
And weary travelers every one,
And we will never rest contented,
Until we are landed safe at home.

Our life is the road and time the engine,
That swiftly pulls us all along,
We can only choose our destination,
By living right or living wrong.

WE HAVE SAID GOOD BYE.

Dear friends, our visit has come and gone,
And we have said good-bye;
Now was it real or but a dream?
It seems you still are nigh,
Tho' rocks and hills and woods and streams,
And many weary miles,
Are enough to still each other's voice,
And hide each other's smile.

Yes, it was real, and your kindness shown
Shall never be forgot,
For stamped so deep on memory's page
Will remain this one bright spot;
Now, perhaps, to you these deeds seem small,
They were so freely given;
Tho' some things go unnoticed here,
There's a record kept in heaven.

I shall kindly remember you, one and all.
Will you remember me?
And pray God we may meet again,
If his will it might be.
But life is only short at best,
So may we all prepare,
To meet in that sweet land of rest,
And dwell together there.

We are only pilgrims here,
And as we onward move,
The paths we take may separate,
But hope they'll meet above.

TIME RUSHES ON.

Time rushes on, and does not wait;
Until we halt at death's dark gate,
Where is opened wide the door
To eternal darkness,

Or eternal day.

The way we've lived has led the way
For 'tis no more now, "Choose ye this day,"
Life's servitude is o'er.

Time rushes on, and waits for none.

We hurry through from morning's sun,
Until its going down,
Nor hardly take the
Time to pray,
For God to keep us through the day,
Or read the book, we should obey,
That tells about our crown.

Time rushes on, we hardly think
How we hasten on to the river's brink;
And could we cross alone,
Our many friends we love
Most dear,
We know they all must leave us here;
Let us trust our Savior's tender care,
And he will take us home.

NEW YEARS.

Come, let us count over
And mention the things
We should give to the year that is gone,
For they will only hinder and hold us back,
I fear, if we take them along.

Now if some have misjudged you
Or friends proved untrue,
And these still have a place in your heart,
You had better just leave them beginning anew,
Of the old year let them be a part.

Have we failed in our efforts
And things all gone wrong,
And it seems that our time has been lost.
Let's be glad we are living and will see we've had much
If we will take time to count up the cost.

So through the shelves of our memory
As closely we look.
Let's bring out every sorrow or fear,
And with new resolutions give good thoughts the room,
And be thankful we have a new year.

MAN'S CONCLUSION.

As we stand on the bank of the Ocean,
When the waves are lashing high,
And think of the power and greatness,
Then gaze on the pale blue sky,
And behold the sun in its glory,
How it fills the world with light,
And the moon peering forth at evening
With the stars to watch by night.

Then we look at the fields and forests,
The mountains and valleys below.
With the beautiful vegetations
So strange to us how they grow.
But each thing seems to have its mission,
And all seem acting a part,
With accord and the same perfection
As beats the human heart.

Then we ask ourselves the question
Whence came those things we see?
And who is this Creator?

He a mighty power must be,
Who moves and watches over
The Ocean, Sea and Land,
It is ruled and kept in order
By a mighty unseen hand.

But we are not left to wonder,
God speaks from heaven above,
And gives to man the message
Of everlasting love.

Then we say, Oh! man how little!
Compared with God's great power,
Still He loves and watches over
And keeps us safe each hour.

But wait and read the message,
And now we hear it say,
This world in all its greatness
Will melt with heat some day,
Like a "garment waxeth old,"
Or like a vesture changed and gone,
But man will live who honors God,
And shall sing around his throne.

Then we say, how great is man.
For on Earth he has dominion.
A mind to reason for himself,
And form his own opinion.
Let's praise Him who created all
And made us heirs of Heaven,
For life and light and love and power,
By His kind hand were given.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

The strangest thing on land or sea,
That has e'er been, or can e'er be,
Is a force no human eye can see,

 The sweet strong power of love.

It can bind up ties that long 've been broken,
Bring peace and pleasure where e'er spoken,
Joy and gladness are but tokens

 Of this sweet power of love.

It has bound together Earth and Heaven,
The promise of eternal life has given,
Nor can the blessings from us be riven,

 Wrought by this power of love.

Now we are weak and so near-sighted,
Can't understand, tho' much delighted,
Why to us unworthy ones was plighted

 This sweet strong power of love.

But in God's word we soon discover
That He's a true and tender lover,
And around His creatures close will hover,
 And He's this power of love.

JUDGING ONE ANOTHER.

Now, if you would judge another,
 You should surely try to be
Personified perfection,
 Lest it might come back to thee;
And while you with good intention
 Your poor neighbor tried to judge,
Someone else perhaps less patient,
 Might judge you because of grudge.

But if you should wish sincerely,
 Your dear neighbor to exalt,
Go to him, and tell him kindly,
 What you take to be his fault.
But pray don't from some suspicion
 Tell your friend as tho' t'were true,
For this will make some impression,
 And you can't this wrong undo.

I am so glad when God was giving
 Different offices to us all,
That on none of us weak creatures
 Did this task of judging fall.
For I'm sure we'd feel our weakness,
 So inefficient we would be;
For deep down in the heart's recesses
 We would surely have to see.

And if we would know the reason
Of our neighbors erring so,
All influences and surroundings,
We would surely have to know.
Perhaps you, in early training,
Over him advantage had,
It may be vices thrown around him
Combined their forces to make him bad.

So let's try to be more patient,
If he's imperfect, we are too;
If we take heed to our shortcomings,
I'm sure we'll have enough to do.
Now let's not try to judge another,
Since 'tis so hard to understand,
Think we'd better leave this burden,
In a kinder, stronger hand.

WE SHALL MEET.

We shall meet some day, around God's throne,
Where partings do not come;
For he will lead us gently home,
If our work has been well done.

WHY REVERSES ARE BLESSINGS.

If every day was sunshine,
And all our paths were bright,
If it was noonday always,
And this old world knew no night,
If we never tired from labor,
And there was no work to do.
If we never knew a sorrow,
And all our friends were true,
If those we loved were always with us,
And we ne'er had to say goodbye;
We would not e'en then be happy,
Do you know the reason why?
For only after dark clouds gather,
Can we appreciate the sun;
Or our feet have been entangled,
Are we glad that we can run;
And it is only after darkness,
That we are thankful for the day;
We are better on the morrow,
For the sorrow bourn to-day.
If the friends we thought so faithful,
None of them had proved untrue,
We would not esteem so highly,
Those we found were tried and true;

If we were never tired from labor,
And knew we'd never have to work,
I'm sure we would soon tire of resting,
And then our task begin to shirk.
And if those we loved were always near us,
And knew they'd never have to die;
We would not appreciate their presence,
If we had never said goodbye.

AN ANGEL HAS CALLED.

It is spring and the soft gentle breezes have come,
And the world in its beauty is clad,
But an Angel has called and our Ruby is gone,
And our home is so lonely and sad.

It was morning for her, in her sweet life so fair,
So useful and just in full bloom.
While many unworthy are loitering here,
So listless till late afternoon.

Oh! could she be with us just now once again.
Our home would seem happy and bright,
But so dark is the shadow now cast o'er our home,
It seems like a long lonely night.

But stop, says a voice, oh! why do you mourn?
Your Ruby is not with the dead,
It was springtime in heaven, they called her to come,
And she is just walking ahead.

Some here are not ready, but she was so kind,
And fitted to be with the blest,
This world is not bright, with its heartaches and night,
There's a place where the worthy may rest.

Oh! why should we ask that our darling come back?
There is trouble and pain in this home,
We had better get ready to meet her up there,
And try to get others to come.

So let us cheer up, there are dear ones here yet,
We will smile and be glad for her sake,
And try to be ready when we too are called.
For Ruby will watch at the gate.



FAREWELL.

Farewell my pretty white lily,

I didn't know you were going so soon.

But you were cut down in the morning of spring-time,

As a lily when in full bloom.

But hasn't God, the owner of the garden,

A right to the fairest and best?

Or should we fret at his transplanting,

From sorrow's land to a home of the blest?

I need not say the garden looks lonely,

We miss your sweet innocent face.

'Tho a hundred fair flowers were left us,

Not one could take your place.

Was it God that called our darling,

Did He want this fair young flower?

Had He not, then He would have spared her,

For we know He is love and power.

So let us bow in humble submission,

To His good and most holy will.

There was a vacant place in Heaven,

Though there were hundreds not one could fill.

Let's be glad that our darling is waiting,

Just inside Heav'ns pearly gate,

Could she see us would she be anxious,

Lest we are waiting too late.

LOST THEIR PLACE.

If all the men who really think
That they've a right to boss,
Would be just what they ought to be,
Then we'd not suffer loss.

For then they'd love us as themselves,
And all God's laws obey,
Remember we full partners were,
Not always want their way.

They'd not be boasting of their strength,
Or glory in their fame,
Then when they make mistakes, say
Weak woman was to blame.

They'd not demand so much of us,
Or make us walk so straight,
Be angry if we even ask,
“My dear, what made you late?”

Then they'd not drink nor swear nor chew,
And spend their precious time,
And if we scold about the waste,
Say, “I made it, and it's mine.”

And when election day rolls round,
They would not hold us back,
As tho' some great mistake of ours,
Might throw them off the track.

I think the way some men do act,
To be a sore disgrace,
Since all things are conditional,
Believe they've lost their place.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

The ones that we may help to-day,
To-morrow may be far away;
Or kindly deed that may be done
To help or cheer some lonely one,
If little things along our way,
We leave without expressing,
Not they alone we will have wronged,
But we have missed a blessing.

A CARELESS CHILD.

Come now, dear child, sit down and eat,
Your meal is good and warm;
I'm glad to see you well and bright
This lovely autumn morn.

And here are just the things you like,
For mamma she likes you,
And you may go to school and learn,
The work is mine to do.

And when your work seems hard to you,
If you will only ask,
I'll gladly help you all I can,
To do your hardest task.

Your little coat and cap and gloves
Are waiting on your chair
My precious child, shall have each day
Just what he needs to wear.

Come, kiss me now, my dear,
Good bye, be good and hurry home.
You know your mamma's always glad
At evening when you come.

Soon the little form is out of sight,
But in mother's heart will stay,
For scarce one moment she forgets
Her darling boy that day.

She says, this eve, I'll hide from him,
And try his love to see,
If I should fail to call to him,
If he would call for me.

Be still, don't speak when he comes home,
And soon you'll hear him say:
"Mamma! Mamma, where are you,
Have you been well to-day?"

But no; he said the day was long,
But now, I'll have some fun,
Come old boy we'll have that game,
And off to play they run,

God's child, are you not made
To think of all the love He's given,
And how He waits to hear your voice
In prayer to Him in heaven?

And will you coldly turn from Him
To seek the world to-day,
Like the boy, neglected mother's love,
And hurried off to play?

A MOTHER'S WARNING.

My beautiful brown eyed laddy,
Could I keep you from sin and harm,
I'd give the world, were it mine for the privilege,
Of keeping you safe on my arm.

So innocent, so young and tender,
With nothing to fret or annoy;
But some day the clouds will gather,
And you will be tempted, my boy.

The world with its many attractions,
With its pleasures and glittering gold
May allure you, and keep you, my darling,
Unless you stay near the fold.

But your mother is praying for you,
That you'll ever be honest and true,
Stand up for the right and be loyal,
And help every wrong to subdue.

Tho' the river of death roll between us,
Remember this warning of love,
And prepare to meet your mother,
Where the loved ones shall gather above.

Then beware, my brown eyed laddy,
Keep your eye on the star from the east,
It will lead to the place of our meeting,
Where from sin and harm you're released.

BUILDING CHARACTER.

The building of character is like building a wall,
And stones should be laid just as straight,
For if one is unbalanced, then others may fall,
Thus leaving for sin a small gate.

For sin like a river undermining a bridge,
If room for a rivulet can find,
It will wear out its way, unless halted at once,
And destruction is sure, as is time.

If in building this wall, we weak places should find,
Let us go to our Master in prayer,
Ask Him to send help, and that forces combined,
Might help us to watch and repair.

And may we remember that character's wall,
Is not built for one year or three score,
But must stand the test of eternity's waves,
O! may it stand firm on the shore.

STEP BY STEP.

Man falls not headlong into sin,
But step by step descends,
Not by his enemy is led,
But those he thinks his friends.

WHY BOAST.

Why are we not all equal, my brother?
Or why have you right to boast?
What if of earthly things,
God has given you most?
Was it not God in his goodness that gave it?
Are we not all dependent the same?
Had you thought in less than a fortnight,
All you have could go up in a flame?

Has God given you greater talent,
Or why this importance you feel?
Should you not pity your weaker brother,
And try his weakness to shield?
Were you to be measured, my brother,
By what you had gained in the past,
Had someone else greater fortune,
Wouldn't you measure less at last?

Can you boast of your good disposition?
Is it easy to be gentle and meek,
“We then, the strong, ought to bear
The infirmities of the weak.”
Now when all is accounted, my brother,
What have we to boast of, I pray;
For sooner or later these temples,
Must return to the mouldering clay.

And now may we learn to be thankful,
Humble, patient and kind,
And pity our weaker brother,
And not try to fault with him find,
Then we will honor our blessed example,
Who died that we might live,
All we have to boast of,
God in his mercy did give.

WHICH WAY?

Another year has past and gone,
And are we one year nearer home?
Or have we lost our way?

Our lives are moving on with time,
And as we marched along in line,
Did we look up or down?

There were just two kinds of seed to sow,
And either kind is sure to grow;
Which were they; good or bad?

Amusements two—which did we choose?
Of which could you afford to lose;
Was it the one that honored God?

There were just two kinds of books to read,
Two different ways the mind to feed;

Which one is left unread?

Two kinds of friends for us to love,
One pulls us down, one lifts above;

Which kind was yours?

Two kinds of words that we might say,
Made some heart sad, or cheered his way;

Which did you speak?

When all our years are come and gone,
And by our deeds our lives are known,

Will we have lost or gained?



A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Just a girl in my teens when I met him,
This gallant young soldier lad,
Tho' an angel from Heaven had told me,
I could not believe he was bad.

Tho' loved dearly by friends and by parents,
And treated kindly wherever I'd go,
I had never found one that compared with
My jolly young soldier beau.

I looked forward with delight to our meeting,
For he had won my full girlish heart,
Not a ripple cast o'er me a shadow,
Till the time came that we two must part.

Now to you this may seem out of reason,
For as much as I loved those at home,
I said, "dearest, for your sake, I'll leave them,
For nothing seems bright when you're gone."

So the time came when we were united,
Then away to our Mexican home,
Sad to leave those I loved, but delighted
With my chosen companion to roam.

There we lived so contented and happy,
That it seemed like a short pleasant dream,
For to me he was kind and devoted,
As if I were his idol or queen.

“Now, sweetheart, you may visit your parents,”
He said, “For they miss you at home,
Since business must come before pleasure,
I’ll remain at my post till you come.”

“Then dearest I’ll go without you,
But regret thus to leave you alone,
At the end of my visit come for me,
I shall gladly accompany you home.”

But one day there came a cruel letter,
Could it be that he meant what he said?
“You may stay where you are, I don’t love you,”
Kinder fate would have been “He is dead.”



A SOLDIER'S FATE.

He sat alone on Christmas day,
This gallant soldier lad,
When all around were bright and gay,
This soldier boy looked sad.

And as he seemed to meditate,
Those words the silence broke,
And never sadder words could be,
Than were the words he spoke.

“No one to love me, no one to love;
No wife, no friends, no home;
How sad it is for me to live,
In this wide world alone.”

But Oh! how false these words will seem,
When to you I tell the truth,
For less than four score miles away,
Waits the sweetheart of his youth,

Not only sweetheart, but his wife,
Preparing presents rare,
Wishing so much for his love,
That she alone might share.

But another one shall claim the love,
That his young wife he denied,
And in his heart will take the place,
Of the one he cast aside.

But, “no, no,” says the voice of fate,
Your romance here must close,
So he marches up to death’s dark gate.
And from life’s stage he goes.

So faithless lover now beware,
Don’t cast loved ones aside,
Lest you, at last, in God’s great heart,
A place may be denied.



TWO ADMIRERS.

Girls, we should be so careful,
In all the things we do,
But the one that our life most depends on,
Is in choosing a lover that's true.

It's not on the one that has money,
Or talks best, we can depend,
But the one that loves most, and is honest,
Is the one who your life will defend.

Now, if you will listen, I'll tell you a story,
If you don't mind taking the time,
Do not claim it to be poetry,
It is only truth in rhyme.

I, one time, knew a young lady,
A careless young lassie was she,
Who had two devoted admirers,
Now, which of the two should it be?

There was Jack, so tall and handsome,
So honest, brave and true,
He thought to make his fortune,
By going away, as most boys do.

But there was Jim, so kind and attentive,
I don't say it, for sake of rhyme;
But he thought less of the future,
So, for courting, had an abundance of time.

Now, when Jack returned from his journey,
It was only to learn he was late,
And now he could keep on waiting,
For the lassie had sealed his fate.

But Jack wasn't the one to be pitied,
It was the lassie who had chosen wrong,
And the time it will take to regret it,
Will take her, her whole life long.

Now, girls, pray don't be so fickle,
As to try to keep company with two,
Or you'll get the worst of the bargain,
I think, as sure as you do.

HONEST AFFECTION.

Come boys, let us reason together,

Now, consider some things, as you go,
Don't trifle with innocent affection,
If you don't love the girl, tell her so.

It may be, you like her company,

If she likes yours, you will know,
But insist, that she should understand you,
If you don't love the girl, tell her so.

Now, if all young men were as honest,

As they'd have their sister's beau,
I'm sure you'd term it a kindness,
If he didn't love the girl, to tell her so.

Now, don't think me only jesting,

The trouble you may avert you don't know,
By speaking in time, very frankly,
When you don't love the girl, tell her so.

Now, perhaps this does'nt quite strike you;

You might love her some, I don't know,
If you do, you should respond just as promptly,
When you do love the girl, tell her so.

A BROKEN TIE.

On life's journey, we started together,
A devoted young husband and wife,
Each vowing to love, and be faithful,
And cherish each other through life.

So on down life's pathway, we glided,
But, before three years had rolled round,
God had blessed our home with a baby,
With sweet face, and eyes so dark brown.

And, Oh, how we loved our little darling,
But he had not come here to stay,
For fourteen short months we kept him,
Till in mercy he was taken away.

Then, Oh, how we mourned for our darling,
Our hearts seemed they would break for a while,
Till another sweet boy was sent us,
To light up our home with his smile.

So then we three lived together,
Till jealousy and strife crept in;
Our home to disgrace, and darken,
And ruin, as always does sin.

And now this once devoted husband,
Turns aside from his sweet child and wife,
And says I am going to leave you,
To struggle alone through life.

So now we are sad and lonely,
Dejected, but not cast down.
We will wait, and work for the Master,
Till He our efforts will crown.

And we pray that our Father in Heaven,
Will forget, and forgive his dark sin,
And when his earth life is over and ended,
He will hear this welcome, “Come in!”



THE LITTLE WHITE ROSE.

Yes, dear one, my Country has called me,
And away to the war I must go.
But you will remember and ever be faithful,
To your soldier Boy, I know.
And the little white rose you gave me,
I will keep here close to my heart,
May it be a shield and a token,
Tho' we are many miles apart.

There'll be dangers, and hardships, and suffering,
I know I will have to endure.
I shall look at this token and remember,
The friendship it speaks of is sure.
If I must stand in front of the battle,
And the ball from the enemy's gun,
Whether aimed at, or not, has struck me,
And your soldier boy is gone.

When my comrades are gathered around me,
They will find this token I know,
And will say it was a priceless treasure,
Or he would not have loved it so.
But, my dear one, your prayers have been answered,
I am home, how sweet this repose.
Through it all I have kept the token
That you gave me, the little white rose.

THE DAY IS GONE.

It is evening, and the sun has sunk
Behind the western plain,
Whether short or long, the day is gone,
And will never return again.

Thus one more brick in our temple's wall,
That we are building, sure but slow,
They must stand the test of eternity,
So be careful how they go.

Let us give those days that hurry on
Good deeds to keep in store,
They will help other souls that come along
Whom we'll meet on the other shore.

If the days gone by are empty days,
With no thought of the future or kindness given,
We will go empty handed up to the Throne
And could not, if permitted, enjoy Heaven.

FORGIVENESS.

“No, I shall never forgive him,” she said,
As she gracefully hung her pretty black head;
“He was false and he meant to break my heart,
And perhaps it is best that we now should part.

“I thought he loved me, but never will know
How a shadow like this o'er my life he could
throw.

I never had wronged him, I loved him too dear,
Why should he gain my affections and then leave
me here?”

Cheer up, pretty maiden, now raise up your head,
And take back the words you unthoughtedly said,
For the vilest of sinners your Father forgives
And expects the same of one who for him ever
lives.

He may not have intended to thus blight your life,
But may have fondly expected to claim you
his wife.

We then only a weakness to him would assign,
For our Father has said that “Vengeance is mine.”

Then I pray you to forgive him what e'er
be his wrong,

It will help you be happy as Time hurries on,
And if your Father forgives him and you meet
'round the Throne,

You may both dwell contented in peace there
at Home.



The sweetest things forgiveness brings
Is brought to the forgiver,
He who is willing to forgive
Will be forgiven ever.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

And is it true that youthful days
Are the happiest days of all,
And when each time you try to raise
The harder seems the fall?
When the human heart is reaching out—
For alone they are not content—
And often find when days go by
Their time has been misspent.

Now, a lad and lass that seem to suit
Have somewhere chanced to meet;
She's young and fair, he's good and true,
And their happiness seems complete.
And many, many happy hours
This couple spend together,
Until at last the lad concludes
The lassie loves another.

“Now, you are free, my dear,” he said,
“And we shall part forever;
I ask that you remember me,
Forget you I can never.
And this little token of the past
I shall keep here in my pocket,
And dear to me will ever be
Your picture in my locket.”

FOURTH OF JULY.

With thankful hearts we celebrate
The Fourth of each July,
With flags unfurled and fires high hurled
That seem to touch the sky.

True, this should be a thankful day
For many soldiers brave,
Their lives they lost, nor counted cost,
That their country they might save.

But in this land of which we boast
All people are not free;
Some are bound by brewers' chains,
O! this ought not to be.

Methinks if those brave men could see
This liquor sin abound,
They'd wish they might come back to earth
And give it one more round.

Methinks they'd bid us keep the price
We pay for selfish show,
And help to fight the awful curse
That lays our country low.

And then the song we love to sing
Might o'er this country wave,
The "land of the free,
And the home of the brave."



A GOOD LESSON.

Frank was a truthful, brown-eyed lad,
But often made his mother sad

 By wanting his own way.
Not lazy, but no time to work,
Important tasks he'd sometimes shirk
 And hurry off to play.

One day he thought to have some fun—
He'd take the first step of a bum—

 So then he tried to smoke.
He said: “Just give me that cigar,
I want to see how strong they are;”
 But was sorry that he spoke.

It was fine, he thought, and seemed quite a man,
“To smoke like this not all boys can”

 So a victory he had won.
But soon, Oh, my! he was so sick,
He hurried home to mamma quick,
 He thought his time had come.

He said: “This is an awful spell,
I bet if I ever get well
I'll never smoke again;
Besides it is an ugly sight
To see boys smoke and drink and fight,
And I'll be a different man.”

TWO MEN.

The one man finds the rough way of life,

The other sees only the smooth;

One man engenders and stirs up strife,

The other will try to remove.

The one man works, the other man plays,

As the great, wide world rolleth on;

One man swears, while the other man prays,

While many are all going down.

One man he wills that others serve him,

The other is willing to serve;

One man weeps for another's distress,

The other says: "What they deserve."

One man made sadder the lives that he

touched,

The other made brighter the same;

Better the world had the first not lived,

The other will add to its fame.

Their journey done, the one will have lost,
The other most surely has won:
One man will hear: "Depart, all ye doomed,"
The other: "Come in, now, well done."



A JUMP FOR LIFE.

My experience for one short evening,
How I wish I could forget;
But its horrors and sufferings so vivid
Linger in my memory yet.
Our crew started out together,
Each seemed so cheerful and glad,
We would not believed if you'd told us
That the day could have ended so sad.

As we hurried along with our engine,
This twenty-third evening of June,
Little dreaming of what dangers awaited
Or how we would be parted so soon.
Our whistle was broke that morning
And our boiler was almost dry,
But my good engineer was so patient
As if he was preparing to die.

It was dark, for the clouds had gathered
And hid even the moon's pale light,
Not even a star shone from heaven,
Which seemed to make sadder the night.
And as we went on in the darkness,
We were both looking out ahead
To see that there were no obstructions,
For it seemed there was something to dread.

O! what is it? How the engine is rocking!

Must I jump? Not a moment to think!

Well, I did, and so nearly I landed

To death river's cold, icy brink.

Then the crash; and over turned the engine.

Will it strike me? I'm too lifeless to move;
So must I lie and look at the wreckage

As it falls on all sides from above.

Oh! where is my engineer and brakeman?

They are under the engine I know;

Oh! that I could go help find them,

But others in my place must go.

So they went, but came back in a moment,

And to me their kindest attention paid;

For the ones I so feared were suffering

Were now beyond all human aid.

And now our noble conductor,

With his heart filled with pity and pain,

Had to walk four miles to the station

That we might assistance obtain.

So over this long, weary journey,

He hurried 'till most out of breath;

Until he arrived at last exhausted

With the news of his poor friends' death.

The two brakemen worked like heroes
And showed such brotherly love;
When life's wrecks and troubles are over,
I hope I shall meet them above.
On a stretcher beside the poor brakeman,
I lay as they took me home;
But we left the train and engine
With its faithful engineer alone.



Years may come and years may go,
But forget you, I shall never,
'Till we've served our time below,
And we meet beyond the river.

GOOD BYE.

Good bye, dear brother, if you must go,
It makes us sad to part;
But remember, you can ever claim
A warm spot in my heart.

You have been patient, kind and good,
In trouble such a friend,
I shall pray for you where e'er you go,
God's blessings to you attend.

Please don't be hurt at what they say,
Soon may this heart-ache cease;
Remember, Jesus, God's own son,
Could not his people please.

But you are leaving many friends,
To you this is no surprise;
Let's try to live so we can meet
Where there are no good byes.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

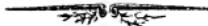
Oh! let's be careful what we say
About our absent friends,
To them the same things we might say
That seem so different if away,
And powerless to defend.

Then if we love them, let them know,
Nor faithfulness should we lack,
Nor say hard things that pain them so,
Lest soon their love from us may go
Where we can't win it back.

Oh! may we live for others' sake
And try to be more meek,
For no great effort will it take
If the Golden Rule ours we would make,
And think twice before we speak.

It does no good to criticise
If the wrong one we address,
But don't you think it would be wise,
And help the erring one to rise,
If we'd our tho'ts to him express?

If absent, we will always be
The same as face to face;
And try to pattern after Him
Who came to bless and make us free,
Twill keep us in our place.



A CROSS TO BEAR.

Dear ones, you who must be shut in,
Time goes so slowly by;
You say if you could come and go
How fast the time would fly.
But you can only sit and watch
The busy world rush on,
And only try to pass the time,
Glad when the day is gone.

How well I know 'tis hard to bear,
But this may be your cross,
They must endure the refiner's fire
Who would be free from dross.
If we could have things our own way,
Our time would be consumed;
With only pleasures of the day
Our souls would be illumed.

If our hearts are set on treasures here,
The danger we may see
When we think that where our treasures are,
It is there our hearts will be.
Let's set our hearts on things above,
And thus forget the now,
And study God's own holy Word,
And it will tell us how.

And you may be a precious light,
While sitting in your chair,
To point the busy ones aright
And snatch them from despair.
And then your time will not seem lost,
If in that Heavenly land,
You've met the ones you've helped to save,
Among the Angel band.



MIDNIGHT VISION.

I was wakened last night from my dreaming
By the cries of an angry, mad crowd;
Oh! what can it be that has happened?
And why are they shouting so loud?
And the visions that rushed up before me
Were blacker than the midnight cloud,

So I crept to my window to listen;
Much sadder it seems when I learn
That these poor men are all drinking,
And in them is starting to burn
The fires that will always consume them,
Unless from this evil they turn.

As alone I stand here in the darkness,
A shudder steals over my frame,
To think they are somebody's brothers,
And mine could be ruined the same,
In spite of advice and good training;
Saloons, for this curse, are to blame.

So I crept to my pillow in silence,
But sleep from my eyelids had gone,
As I thought of the heartaches and suff'ring,
If they kept on in this broadway of wrong;
For no drunkard can enter Heaven,
And their time on this earth can't be long.

How I wish that the men of our nation,
Who vote, and have things their own way,
Would wake from their long sleep, and dreaming
With a vision that would cause them to say:
“I'll try now henceforth and forever
To drive this dread monster away.”



BESIDE HIS GRAVE.

We visited his grave today
And sat beside the mound
That holds the body that we loved,
It seemed such hallowed ground.
And is our dear one sleeping here?
And will he sleep forever?

“Oh, no, my child!” the answer comes,
“Since Christ, the blessed giver,
On yonder Calvary tree has died,
Our souls He has delivered.”
But still our human hearts are sad;
He was taken from our side.

We miss his love and sympathy,
As on life’s rough way we glide;
But we are only pilgrims here;
This world is not our home.
And by the way, we, too, will sink,
He is waiting till we come.

So let us then new courage take,
And towards perfection strive,
“For as in Adam, all must die,
But now, even so in Christ
Shall all be made alive.”

DESPAIR AND CONSOLATION.

And so, my dear one, you have left me
In this world to struggle on
With life's sorrows and temptations—
God has called you and you've gone.

You, who always tried to cheer me
When dark clouds gathered o'er my head,
But the darkest one did not o'ertake me
Until they told me you were dead.

Could I have asked you to forgive me,
And heard you say, "Dear, I'll forgive,"
Oh! then I'd try to be more cheerful,
It would not be so sad to live.

Be still, sad one, cease thy repining,
Look up to Heaven and forget
The awful gloom that hovers o'er you,
Life is too short to stop and regret.

You say forget him you can never,
Perhaps you can't a friend so true;
But think him just across the river
And at even tide we are coming too.

Now, it won't be long until the evening,

The sun rolls on toward the western sky,
But God still has for you a mission,
Help all you can as time goes by.

The place in life that you are holding
No other one on earth can fill.

You can help the weak and cheer the lonely
And make sad hearts happy if you will.

Perhaps there are dear ones close around you
That do not know a Savior's love,
Twill do you good to tell the story
And add jewels to your crown above.



Sad heart, let not earth's clouded skies
Bedim your weak and longing eyes;
For him who watches, works and tries,
God keeps a sure and sweet surprise.

SISTERS' PARTING.

Dear sister, we've spent some happy days,
But they are past and gone,
And it grieves us now that we must say
The time to part has come.

You are not going far away
And we may see each other,
But it won't be like it was before
In our quiet home together.

When evening came and the sun went down
Behind the western sky,
I could not be lonely when I'd think
That you would still be nigh.

And when vexations crowded 'round
Or my heart was filled with fear,
I'd think, "I'll go and tell her now;"
So glad that you were near.

Vicissitudes will always come,
So let's try to forget
The things that fret and hold us down,
Time is lost, spent in regret.

Let's not be sad, but look beyond
To a land where sorrow does not come,
And may we dwell together there
In that eternal home.



Let's do our best to please our King,
While on this earth we stay,
Then he will take us to that home
Where it's one long summer day.



SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS.

Time after time we meet, my boys—
A happy company we—
To study God's own holy will
Concerning you and me.

But I fear you don't appreciate
Those moments as you should,
For what I know he expects of you
I've taught the best I could.

Remember those are tender years,
And you've a right to choose
The road you travel in this world,
Pray don't the good refuse.

God does not compel us to obey
Or heed his blest commands,
But if we repent and turn to him
He reaches out his hands.

He is willing to forget the past,
Our faults he will forgive;
And no hard task he asks of us,
It is only look and live.



INFLUENCE.

Had you thought of life as a highway,
And each day as onward we plod
We may lead some one to destruction
Or point the way back to God?

Now, each one of us has an influence.
Perhaps greater than we now know:
We are leading one way or the other,
Now, which will the record show?

There are only two roads to this highway,
One narrow, the other broad,
One leads to death and destruction,
The other to peace, and God.

Now, on one of these roads you are going,
Have you chosen the straight, narrow way?
If not, you surely are traveling
The road of the broad highway.

AUTUMN DAYS.

The summer days are come and gone,
And autumn shades appear,
The sweetest days and saddest days
Of all the rounded year,

The leaves are falling from the trees
And flowers are fading fast,
All nature seems to calmly say
The summer days are past.

The large green tree has helped to cheer
And make the summer bright,
The little blade of grass has helped,
Tho' almost out of sight.

The larger birds, and smaller birds,
That sang their lullaby,
Have all fulfilled their summer's work
Together home they fly.

So life is like the summer time—
Autumn days will come at last—
May we help to brighten up the world,
For time is flying fast.

And whether like the larger things
Or smaller ones that cheer,
We're glad that we may help to grace,
Our Father's vineyard here.

And when the autumn days are come
And winter's chills are nigh,
We've helped to brighten up the world
Together home will fly.

THE WEDDING UNDER THE OAK.

“Yes, mamma, I’m your only child,

But I must go away

And try to cultivate my mind.

You may need my help some day.

There’s nothing here for me to do—

Now will you let me go?

I’ll work and make my own way through,

Then I’ll come home, you know.

But many times, without avail,

This filial maiden plead.

“Without my consent, you can go,”

Her anxious mother said.

But she was right, and on she went,

So honest, brave and true,

Determined to devote her life

To the good that she might do.

Her college days are o'er at last
And gladly home she come,
Delighted with her knowledge gained,
The victory she had won.
She tho't how much the more she'd help
By giving her young life
To helping teach and train the young,
Than to be a school mate's wife.

What greater mission could one choose
Than trying to train the young,
And showing little feet the way
To tread the pathway home?
She loved her many boys and girls
With a teacher's strongest love.
May the friendship that is bound on earth
Still live and grow above.

But now this mission seems to close,
And a romance here begins.
For now she meets the man she loves,
And widower like, he wins.
She forfeits not her chosen work,
But takes a larger share.
For three sweet promising little girls
Are trusted to her care.

Tho' parents scolded, schoolmates frowned
And tried to break her plan,
Still she determined, pledged her life
To this true Chirst-like man.
For what is money?" this fair girl said,
Soon it will loose it's charm,
For many things that gold can't buy,
Are wrought by love's strong arm."

And late on a beautiful autumn day,
When the sun hung low in the west,
Just after a cloud, it's rays burst out
And nature was at her best;
And a little bird in the old oak tree,
Seemed to warble her sweetest song,
Still low and soft, sang her little voice,
After the wedding march was gone.

And under a bough of the old oak tree,
This bridal couple stood,
Where each was asked some vows to make,
And where each replied they would
May neither ever have regret.
For vows this day they made;
May joy be theirs and sweet content
As when under the oak tree shade.

EASTER CONGRATULATIONS.

On an Easter Day,
Ne'er a feast was spread
For a happier pair than this.
He, noble and good, as the sun's bright rays:
She, tender and fair like the moon,
So beautifully blended
These rays meet and kiss
And are wedded at Easter high-noon.

And the wish of one
Who loves them both
Is for God's blessing to rest on the Bride.
May her ways be pleasure,
Her paths be peace.
And as much I would ask for the groom.
May life's journey be sweet
As they walk side by side,
As it was at this Easter high-noon.

ALL THINGS ARE YOURS.

All things are yours,
And you are Christ's,
And Christ is God's.
Just think,
Could we have ever hoped to be
Of this great chain, a link.

All things are yours,
And you are Christ's.
Then we are heirs
Of Heaven.
How could a promise so great as this
To unworthy men be given.

The rose bush and
The vines are yours,
Their beauties to
Consume.
Not yours to toil and cultivate,
But to enjoy their lovely bloom.

The service of
The pullman cars,
Or great ships on
The sea,
The comforts that its owner gets
May be shared by you and me.

The beauties of
The world are yours,
And you may choose
Your share
By learning to appreciate
Those grandeurs, rich and rare.

Then are you poor,
You Child of Christ?
Or should you e'er
Complain?
He is preparing now a place
For you, to soon return again.

THE FAIR.

We in St. Louis thank the world
For bringing us the Fair,
With greater sights and more delights,
Than e'er was anywhere.

The choicest beauties of the world
Selected with such care,
Arranged with such exquisite tastes.
For this St. Louis Fair.

The nations of the great round globe,
Together here are come;
So we may visit all the world,
And still remain at home.

Where they may all be made to know
That we are their fellow-men,
And may the God that rules above
Be known and loved by them.

Where ones that dwell, neath eastern skies,
And north, and south, and west,
May meet in that delightful place
With those that they love best.

And as we view the beauties there
Prepared by sinful man.
We wonder what the mansions are
Arranged by God's great hand.

Let's all thank God, who gave man power,
And to Him all praise be given.
If we never meet on earth again,
May we all meet in Heaven.



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